

JEKYL LANDING AND STEAMER

Jekyl Island Club

Brunswick, Georgia

1916

Compliments of
Charles Lanier

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JEKYL ISLAND*

The Island

To live on an island! Who among us but has felt the fascination of this idea? From the youngster playing his first game of pirates and buried treasure to the oldster who is beginning to weary somewhat of the pressure of his omnipresent fellowmen, we all know the lure of the romance which life on an island suggests.

Yet to the civilized man and woman of today romance is not enough. There must be comfort and refinement, social intercourse and dignity—things not easily found in combination with the isolation and independence of island life.

Yet for men of imagination and means the improbable is not always the impossible; and the Jekyl Island Club exists today as the ingenious solution of the difficult problem of finding profound seclusion and congenial companionship in one and the same spot.

Along the curving coast of Georgia lies a string of islands, far enough out for the breezes of the Atlantic to temper their ardent sunshine, close enough to the mainland to be accessible by boat.

About the centre of the bow, opposite the point where the Brunswick River debouches into the sea, lies Jekyl, eleven miles long and two miles wide, a gem of sub-tropical verdure, its thickets of bay, live-oak, gum and evergreen laced with wistaria and flowering creepers, and its savannas dotted with clumps of palmetto and wild orange.

* The writer of this sketch wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Franklin H. Head, author of *Legends of Jekyl Island*, and to Mr. Charles Spalding Wyllie, author of *Memories* (of Saint Simons). From both these works he has borrowed extensively, as also from Mr. J. A. Scrymser's *Jekyl Island*, which is incorporated almost entire.

By day masses of wild flowers, and at night the splendor of myriad fireflies, light up its open spaces; and always, above the song of its mocking-birds, can be heard the rolling music of the surf as it beats on the miles of hard white beach the song of the sea.

Its Story

But Jekyl is more than a few square miles of beautiful scenery. Like its neighbor island to the north, Saint Simons, it is rich in historical associations; its soil also "is humanized and made dear by the spirits of those who have lived on and in its neighborhood."

It first dawns on the historical horizon in the report made by Sir Francis Drake to Queen Elizabeth in 1587.

After plundering various Spanish settlements along the coast of South and Central America, he sailed north and then, as he says:

"On the 17th we took an observation, and found ourselves in latitude 30 deg. 30 min. N., and near a large island, which we felt sure was the land where we had information of a Spanish settlement of magnitude. Seeing some log houses, we decided to make a landing. We unfurled the standard of Saint George and approached the shore in great force, that we might impress the enemy with the great puissance of your Majesty. The accursed Spaniards, concealed behind the trees, fired upon us, and a sore and cruel fight seemed pendent, when the enemy, stricken with fear, incontinently fled to their homes, with their habiliments of war. One of our men was sorely wounded by the Spanish Captain, whom we presently made prisoner, and, having set up a gallows, we there hanged him in a chain by the middle, and afterwards consumed with fire, gallows and all.

“To us was the good God most merciful and gracious, in that he permitted us to kill eighteen Spaniards, bitter enemies of your sweet Majesty. We further wasted the country and brought it to utter ruin. We burned their houses and killed their few horses, mules and cattle, eating what we could of the fresh beef and carrying the rest aboard our ships. Having in mind the merciful disposition of your gracious Majesty, we did not kill the women and children, but having destroyed upon the island all their provisions and property, and taken away all their weapons, we left them to starve.

“In view was another considerable island, fifteen miles to the northward, concerning which we asked of the women if any Spaniards dwelt thereon. The women were most ungracious, sullen and obstinate, perchance from their husbands having been killed before their eyes, and wickedly refused to answer us; but after we had burned a hole with a hot iron through the tongue of the most venomous of their number, they eftsoons told us that there were no Spaniards upon the other island; that it was the haunt of a solitary Frenchman named Jacques, who claimed it as his own, and that from him it was known as ‘Jacques Ile.’ Fearing that the women, instigated by the devil, were deceiving us, we visited the other island, with the holy determination to exterminate any enemies of your sacred Majesty thereon, but found the story of the women was true. The Frenchman Jacques had a hut near the water, where he lived with an Indian pagan as his wife. He had a liberal store of turtle’s eggs, gathered in the sand, which we took from him, as also his carbine and forty pounds of ambergris, which he had collected from the sea, but did him no further harm. We took here another observation, finding the latitude 31 deg. 10 min. N.”

Obviously the first island visited by this gentlemanly pirate was Cumberland, to the south of Jekyl, and the second Jekyl itself.

The name Jacques' Ile attributed to it is interesting, as antedating its modern title, supposed given to it by Oglethorpe 150 years later, and raising the question whether Oglethorpe really did name the island after his friend Sir Joseph Jekyl, or merely adopted the local original title, corrupted in the course of years.

In Dampier's *Two Voyages to the Bay of Campeachy*, published 1729, Dampier refers to Jekyl in an account of a buccaneering raid he made on the Spanish American coast in 1684 as follows:

"The next morning, being now nearly arrived at the Florida coast, we landed upon an island in latitude 31 deg. 12 min. N. for a supply of fresh water. . . .

"Near the spot where we landed we found an abundance of fresh water and also a few huts, which were inhabited by peaceable savages. Much surprised were we to find that they spoke a language in which were found occasionally French words. We soon learned that they were largely the descendants of a Frenchman who had long before lived upon the island and married many Indian wives. From him the place was called 'Jacques Island.' The natural depravity of the pagans appeared, as we noticed that the French words were few in their usual conversation, but that they had hoarded many French curses and bitter profanities, which they heaped upon us as we left the island, for no other reason, as we could conjecture, except that we had taken with us their cattle, weapons, furs, provisions and other articles which might be useful to us thereafter."

Here again we notice the cheerful way in which robbery and pillage of the harmless natives is mentioned as the most

natural thing in the world, as well as the robber's heartfelt surprise at the unexpected and unchristian contumacy of his victims.

But it was in 1734 that Jekyl really made its appearance in history.

The year previous to that date, General James E. Oglethorpe had landed at and named Savannah, thus founding what was ultimately to be the State of Georgia.

Realizing the importance of having outposts from which he could watch the activities of the Spaniards, he settled a Scotch colony from Inverness on Saint Simons, and, two years later, erected Frederica, the settlement, into a garrison town, building barracks and quartering there six companies of his regiment.

He had already placed Lieutenant Horton on Jekyl and established a plantation and a brewery (the first place in which English beer was brewed in America) there for the sustenance of his soldiers.

Later, in order to have the seclusion and dignity proper to a governor, and at the same time to be within hailing distance of his principal garrison, he took up his own residence on Jekyl, building a roomy mansion (of logs), where Lady Oglethorpe set up housekeeping; and it is during the few years that the Oglethorpes were in residence here that we are really in touch with the life of the island.

Both the Wesleys were in Georgia at the time; Charles as Secretary to the Governor, John as Missionary to the Indians, the latter's place on his retirement in 1737 being taken by Whitfield.

There was free and frequent intercourse between Jekyl and Savannah, and many interesting letters are in existence which draw vividly the daily life and manners of the dwellers on the island.

For instance—Lady Oglethorpe writes in 1734 to her husband, then on a trip to Savannah:

“Since your departure, my dearest husband, all the pigs have escaped into the dreadful wilderness about us, and we fear daily that they will be captured and eaten by the savages. The Chief, Altamaha, and his band, are still upon the island, and yesterday he came and begged tobacco and sugar, and also demanded of me our maid servant Elizabeth as his wife, much to her astonishment and terror. He was dressed in all his barbaric finery, painted and bedaubed in as many colors as the coat of Joseph, and decorated with feathers, bear’s claws, and bright colored shells, as befitted a man equipped for female conquest. The wretched pagan has already three wives, whom he treats worse than beasts of burden, and I think this somewhat influenced Elizabeth, as, had he been unmarried, the prospect of being a queen, even of the wild and savage Tuscaroras, might have moved her.”

Again, in 1763, Charles Wesley writes from Jekyll to Lady Oglethorpe herself in Savannah:

“I have this day returned from the trip to the Ogeechee River, where I suffered many hardships and privations from the inhospitable weather. With my brother John, I preached to the Indians, whenever we could find them in any considerable numbers, although I fear but little impression was made upon them. . . .

“Last evening I wandered to the north end of the island and stood upon the narrow point, which your ladyship will recall as there projecting into the ocean. The vastness of the watery waste, as compared with my standing place, called to mind the briefness of human life, and the immensity of its consequences, and my surroundings inspired me to write a hymn, commencing:

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
’Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,

which I trust may pleasure your ladyship, weak and feeble as it is when compared with the songs of the sweet psalmist of Israel. I feel that here, like Moses, I am a stranger in a strange land, and I pray hourly that when the night cometh, and when deep sleep falleth me, I may not be found without a wedding garment."

and John Wesley, writing to the General at the Island, admits that he himself is not above experiencing the weakness of the flesh:

"Verily the flesh is weak, for I cannot but long for the day when again I may visit you and enjoy the flesh-pots of Jekyl Island. I can with difficulty eat the food of the savages. Insects bite and destroy my sleep. I am as a skeleton, and the evil one continually suggests that I murmur at my lot, and seek an easier way in which to serve the Lord."

But perhaps the most illuminating and amusing of all the documents extant bearing upon Jekyl Island, is a letter from Lady Oglethorpe to her father-in-law:

"Dear and Honored Parent:

"I take my pen in hand to inform you that my dear husband and myself are well and I hope these few lines may find you in the enjoyment of the same great blessing. We are now established in our new home on Jekyl Island, and I would fain give you a picture of this abode of the Governor of this promising colony. The mansion is built of pine logs, plastered, where plastered at all, with clay, and surrounded by a dense forest. The house is very large and commodious, but lacking many of the conveniences of our pleasant home in Surrey. We sleep on beds made of pine leaves, which are most comfortable and exhale a

balsamic fragrance supposed to be conducive to health. Our floors are of split pine logs, and about the walls are wooden pegs upon which to hang our gowns. Much of our china was broken on our journey hither, and we use instead the pewter mugs and plates brought for our servants. A few red savages are near us, living in wigwams, who beg often for tobacco, but bring us in return an abundance of venison and fish. The secretary of the colony, Charles Wesley, dwells with us upon the island, and is zealous to save the souls of the Indians who come hither to hunt and to fish. He baptized a week since one Indian and made him a part of Christianity, but later, for what reasons we cannot divine, though certainly through evil temptations of the father of idolatry, the devil, he suddenly cast off the Christian religion and abandoned the true, divine worship. Mr. Wesley has also the gift of verse, and has written many sweet hymns, which we sing in our family worship. . . .

“From what I have written, you must not infer that we live altogether a lonely and quiet life. We have twice visited Charleston, the principal city of South Carolina, where we have been sumptuously entertained by the governor and principal citizens, whom we have, of course, invited to visit us in return. Recently we received word that our invitations would be accepted. We had informed them of our primitive mode of life, which they fully realized, having been in similar conditions themselves. Last Wednesday we were startled by a long blast from a conch shell, and on going to the beach saw a large party approaching in a flat-boat, men, women, negroes, horses and dogs. They were soon disembarked and at the house, where General Oglethorpe made them welcome with an abundance of rum made by the Puritans in that part of America called New England. They then told us that not to

overtax our hospitalities, they had brought with them an abundance of food and servants, and proposed to go at once to some suitable place upon the shore and roast oysters. We set out for a cove about a mile distant from our home. The progress towards it was a striking and curious pageant. First, marched as trumpeter, a stalwart negro, blowing a conch shell and producing a dismal and incessant blare. Then General Oglethorpe on horseback, with myself behind him on a pillion, and a negro on a mule, carrying my best hat in a box, lest it be destroyed by the trees and bushes. Then our family coach, with one wheel missing from an encounter with a stump, the axle being held up by a pole, and, within, the family of Governor Pickens, his wife, sister and a niece, Miss Mercy Pickens. Then two open wagons with the other ladies of the party, and some jugs of rum and boxes of food. About these rode the gentlemen on horses and mules, among them Mr. George Moultrie, a gallant young man who is soon to wed Miss Mercy, before named. Around the cavalcade swarmed the negroes, shouting and laughing, rolling their white eyes, and showing their white teeth in contrast to their shining black skins, and singing songs full of melody and pathos.

“The road to the beach, while rude and rough for vehicles by reason of roots and stumps, is of wonderful beauty, bordered with great growths of evergreen, oaks and magnolias, with thickets of myrtle and bay, and a carpet of dwarf palmetto, all of most lustrous green, and the trees often festooned or bound together with trailing garlands of pale, gray moss. The most perfect art could devise nothing more beautiful than the tropical glories of this forest drive. When we reached the cove the negroes waded into the water and brought ashore great baskets of oysters, which they roasted in a fire kindled from branches of the

fragrant pine. General Oglethorpe brewed a large tub of rum punch, while I made a bowl of delicious sangaree with wine from your own cellar, which has been with us from the time of our leaving dear old England. No one neglected these beverages, and with the oysters, the cheese and other viands with which we were provided, a royal banquet was enjoyed. Many of the gentlemen were nearly overcome with the rum punch, although insisting that it was the roasted oysters which made their legs unsteady, and this had nearly led Mr. Wesley into serious trouble with Mr. Moultrie, whose almost maudlin attentions to his sweetheart, Miss Mercy, were constant and even annoying to her.

"As Mr. Wesley drank no punch, they insisted he should sing, and he commenced one of his hymns which is a favorite with us:

‘Depths of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?—

“‘Hold,’ shouted Mr. Moultrie, ‘none of your damned presumption. Mercy is not reserved for you or any of your kind. She is mine and mine alone.’ General Oglethorpe interfered and endeavored to explain, but Mr. Moultrie would listen to nothing, and proposed to give the Secretary a drubbing on the spot. I succeeded in quieting him, and asked Mr. Wesley to substitute another hymn, whereupon he commenced:

‘The day of jubilee is come
Return ye ransomed sinners home.’

“‘What,’ shouted my husband, ‘are you ordering away my guests on their very arrival? None of your foolishness!’ ‘Sir,’ said Mr. Wesley, ‘I was not addressing your guests. I do not consider them as ransomed sinners.’

“‘What do you mean?’ said Governor Pickens; ‘go and drum your nonsense into the wooly heads of the negroes.’

“The riot was presently at an end, Mr. Wesley returning to the house, and was forgotten after the gentlemen had slept off their potations.

“The party remained with us for three days, until the rum was exhausted.”

With all sympathy for the reverend gentleman whose taste in sacred song led him into such unexpected troubles, it is hardly possible to read this artless narrative without a smile, and the concluding words of our quotation seem to give a singularly human touch to the whole affair.

Whitfield built an Orphanage on Jekyl while Oglethorpe was still there, and we have two letters on the subject from him to General Oglethorpe, written at dates some thirty years apart.

In the first he refers to slavery as “an infamous traffic in human flesh” and condemns severely the acceptance of money donated by slave-owners for the support of his institution.

In the second, having in the meantime discovered that he could not make the Orphanage support itself by free labor, and having been presented with three husky negroes by a converted Carolinian, he seems to have quite changed his mind, and praises the Lord for the beautiful harvests raised by these three slaves and nine others he had purchased.

But these patriarchal times in Jekyl were soon over, for in 1742 came the Spanish invasion; and 5,000 regular soldiers and 29 vessels of war approached to answer Oglethorpe’s attack on Florida.

To meet them, the British could only muster their single regiment at Frederica, a few of the Darien Rangers

and Noble's Scouts; but in the extraordinary victory of Bloody Marsh, on Saint Simons, the enemy was defeated with a loss of over a thousand men; and the invasion was abandoned.

Jekyl, however, had suffered terribly. The Spaniards had landed and burnt down all the buildings on the south of the island and ravaged the plantations; and in consequence the General transferred his home and headquarters to Saint Simons.

Then, in 1763, the treaty between Spain and Britain, which made Florida a British possession, finally deprived Jekyl and the other islands of their military and political importance; and they became, as they have since remained, dependent upon their geographical and social characteristics for distinction.

The French Royalists

The French Revolution was not without its effects even on so remote a shore as that of Jekyl.

In 1788 a syndicate of five French gentlemen, royalists all, disgusted with France and Frenchmen, endeavored to found a feudal community on Sapelo Island as a peaceful refuge from the Revolutionary storms of their native land.

However, there was no peace for them even here, and owing to a quarrel with one of their number, four of them, MM. Poulain du Bignon, de Mousse, de Chapeldelaine and de Marlee, within a couple of years gave up their holdings on Saint Simons and settled, instead, on Jekyl.

Of these men Poulain du Bignon was easily the first. An adventurer of the D'Artagnan type, in his youth he had served for years in the French army in India. As artillery-instructor at the court of a native rajah he had enjoyed the barbaric splendor of an oriental despotism, while later he commanded a French privateer and preyed for years on British commerce.

What unwritten history, what unknown tragedies were consigned to oblivion when his house was torn down, and bundles of records thrown into the fire by a carpenter who could not read French, only the imagination can conceive.

During the War of 1812, the shadow of war once again lay over the island. The Federal troops landed, and, doubtful of the loyalty of the inhabitants, sacked the dwelling houses, though the du Bignon family had escaped to the mainland, leaving a confidential slave to bury the gold plate and other treasures.

From this time on the story is one of dwindling resources and of an estate increasingly reclaimed by wild nature, until the war between the States gave the finishing touch, and turned all the flourishing plantations of the neighborhood, rice, cotton and cane, into desolation.

In 1888, the heirs of the du Bignon family sold the island—making the request that the old family burial ground should be held sacred—to some Northern men, who were seeking in the south a place of rest, a spot where they could lay aside the worries and insistencies of their business, remote from the confusion of the outside world, surrounded only by the friends they wished to meet, enjoy sport of all kinds in the open air—or the *dolce far niente* if they preferred.

And so, after what was practically a century of desolation, the Jekyl Island Club, with a membership limited to one hundred, was formed and Jekyl Island once more took up its place in the story of the land.

Associations of the Neighborhood

Though the literary associations of Jekyl itself are principally concerned with the Wesleys and the Oglethorpes, the neighborhood is one of unusual literary interest.

Sidney Lanier has celebrated the “clean salt air” of the marshes of Cumberland. Basil Hall has written of the

spell of the sister island Saint Simons. There also Audubon stayed, and on the occasion of his second visit to America in 1846, Sir Charles Lyell, the famous English geologist, wrote in praise of its life and its people. Miss Bremmer, author of *Homes in the New World*, and Miss Amelia Murray both visited it and recorded their impressions, and here it was that Aaron Burr drew out the plan of his "Phantom Empire," though the house in which he wrote on Saint Simons was undermined in 1824 by a freshet and carried away.

In 1838 Fanny Kemble lived on Saint Simons, and though her house was destroyed in 1863 by Federal troops, her *Memories* are full of the beauty and happiness of life in the islands.

On Cumberland, too, "Light Horse Harry" Lee lies buried, and there the "Phantom Coach" appears; while Brunswick city, on the mainland, is famous as the place where that last slave ship to cross the ocean, *The Wanderer*, landed her cargo of five hundred Africans in 1859.

Even the idea of an island club in these parts is not new.

The planters of Saint Simons, in 1820, formed a club for social pleasure, called the Saint Clair's Club, whose meetings were held in the Saint Clair Mansion, owned by Major Pearce Butler.

Here monthly dinners were given by the members in rotation, each as his turn came furnishing dinner, service, and the wines and punch. Visitors were invited from Savannah and Augusta, and great competition grew up among the members, each striving for the reputation of having been host at the most convivial meeting, where the best stories and the most extraordinary adventures were recounted.

The dinner on these occasions was not served in courses, save that the two soups, one a clam broth, the other chicken mulligatawny, were brought on first; the fish, shrimp pies, crabs (in shell), roasts and vegetables, were all placed in

one service; the dessert was simple, tartlets of orange marmalade, dried fruits and nuts. The dishes disposed of, amid general gossip and talk, and the cloth drawn, the great punchbowl with its mixture of rum, brandy, sugar, lemon-juice and peel, was brought in. The wine glasses were pushed aside and stubby pottle-shaped glass mugs were handed around; and the chairman of the meeting, rising, announced that the health of the President of the United States would be drank, standing and with cheers. After this opening of the evening, there was much filling of mugs, nodding of heads, one to the other, with short words of good wishes, such as "Happy days to you," "Here's to you," and the like.

Then followed stories, songs and arguments in which everyone, guest or member, was expected to prove his mettle. Then nine strikes and "Auld Lang Syne" is sung and all with linked hands. Good-nights are shouted, and the members and their guests ride away attended by their body servants, who are very watchful and will not leave their masters (for the punch has been strong) until they see them safely disposed on their respective couches; for such are the manners and customs of our folk of a century since.

The Island Today

Since that time, good taste, energy and wealth have turned beautiful Jekyll into a little paradise of comfort and health-giving relaxation.

Negotiations for the purchase of the islands were brought to a successful termination February 1, 1888, and the titles passed to the newly organized Jekyll Island Club, with a membership limited to one hundred.

As anticipated, Jekyll Island has proven to be most ideally situated, remote from the confusion and stress of the outside world and yet within easy reach of all the business centres of the country.

The island embraces, altogether, twenty-two square miles or fourteen thousand acres. On its eastern side are eleven miles of beach as hard as a shell road, and on the western side is a landing which is reached by a pleasant sail in the Club Steamer, from Brunswick.

The Club House is a large structure of brick and faces the bay from a gently undulating lawn. The Club House is equipped with every modern improvement, besides spacious drawing and reception rooms *en suite* with bath-rooms sufficient for the accommodation of one hundred guests. The restaurant is perfect, both as regards cooking and service, and "Jekyl Oysters," "Jekyl Terrapin" and planked Shad are features of the Club table that cannot be surpassed.

Attached to the Club House is the Club Annex, containing eight apartments, belonging to Henry H. Vail, General Edmund Hayes, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, J. J. Albright, Mrs. John S. Kennedy, Cornelius N. Bliss, James W. Ellsworth and Charles Lanier.

There is another apartment house, too, known as the "Sans Souci," having six apartments which are owned by Frederick G. Bourne, James J. Hill, J. Pierpont Morgan, Robert C. Pruyn, William Rockefeller, and James A. Scrymser.

On the grounds, also, are the private residences of Charles S. Maurice, Edwin Gould, Mrs. Hester E. Shrady, R. T. Crane, Jr., Walton Ferguson, William Rockefeller, Henry K. Porter, and Frank H. Goodyear.

The Club members maintain a well-equipped School House for the children of its white employees, also a summer day and night school which is well attended by the Club's colored employees, old and young.

An electric plant supplies all of the buildings and grounds with electric lights and an excellent water supply is obtained from artesian wells.

A fine vegetable garden supplies the Club with early and delicious vegetables.

There is a well-equipped Livery Stable, with carriages and liveried drivers and also saddle horses; and, in addition, a Club Stable where the horses and carriages of the members are cared for. Lately, a roomy garage for automobiles had been added.

Religious services are held in a very attractive Union Chapel. Worshippers here recall the beautiful services in the past conducted by Bishops Potter, Deane, Nelson and Reese and Dr. Schauffler. The Club waiters compose the choir.

Too much cannot be said of the attractiveness and beauty of the thirty miles of drives, also of the bridle and bicycle paths, through the pine and live oak forests and the palmetto, holly and magnolia, thence out on the magnificent beach. During a drive on the old plantation roads one often sees wild deer and bevvies of quail.

On the inland water there are steam launches, boats and canoes for the use of the members.

The new golf links of the Club are, it is claimed, the finest in the South. In addition to golf, there are two tennis courts and a croquet ground.

The shooting season commences the first of November and lasts to March 15th. Deer, wild turkeys, ducks and quail afford fair sport. For the convenience of the sportsmen paths have been cut throughout the island. The Club records show that over 2,200 quail have been shot during the season by members and guests.

The lawns are well kept and sown with seed imported from England. They are embellished with beds of brightly blooming flowers. Flowers bloom on Jekyll Island all winter long in great variety; and the climbing vines, such as the Cherokee Rose, the Wistaria, Trumpet Creeper and the Jessamine, in conjunction with the many beautiful spring flowers, form a picture that is a delight to the eyes. On the lawn, too, there are a variety of palmetto trees,

and clumps of Bayonet palmetto. Wild orange trees, loaded with fruit and fragrant blossoms, are plentiful.

The native birds and those migrating in the spring are of many varieties, and the sweet tones of the mocking bird are heard day and night.

There is a competent resident physician on the island.

A small steamer stops at the island twice daily with the mail.

The following extract from a letter received from a recent visitor to the Jekyl Island Club, needs no comment:

“I thank you for my two weeks at Jekyl Island. They were most enjoyable and how could they be otherwise, surrounded as I was with charming, well-bred people, with an interesting golf course, and men to play with whose keen interest in the game and spirit of fun made eighteen holes a real treat.

“Then came a drive through those woodland groves, along that wonderful beach, and, after a good dinner, an evening before the wood fire in the smoking room, listening to men who have seen and done things; men with war experience and stories of hunting and yachting and traveling, here and in other lands, interspersed with wit and humor, and, think of it, no gossip. I, for once, did not miss the band and music and the dancing which are found in so many of our Southern watering-places. Those beautiful moonlight nights and the days when the air was filled with a perfume of flowers and the mocking-birds were singing in the trees, were much more to my taste, and when it came to Sunday, the services in the little Chapel, where eminent bishops and divines discoursed upon things which every thoughtful man is thinking about, suited me.

“It is certainly a unique place. I know of no resort of its kind in this country or any other country. And when you see the tired men and women, who

come there, restored to health and strength, you feel that there must be some combination of circumstances that makes the place so attractive and restoring. The real spirit of comradeship, which makes all, old and young, feel that they belong to the family, stimulates one to give of their best for the pleasure of others."

It can readily be seen from the foregoing that the Jekyl Island Club is what its projectors planned, a Southern home, free from all the noise and confusion of a fashionable watering-place. The whole environment is one of refinement, and the Club to-day is one of the most restful places in America.

MOREBY ACKLOM.

Original Members—Jekyl Island Club

April 26, 1886

Aspinwall, Lloyd	Howland, Henry E.
Barron, John C.	Hyde, Henry B.
Bartlett, Francis	Ketchum, Franklin M.
Bliss, Cornelius	King, Oliver Kane
Claflin, John	Lawson, L. M.
Clarke, Thos. Curtis	Loomis, John Mason
Corning, Erastus	Lorillard, Pierre
Cutting, Wm. Bayard	Maurice, C. S.
de Koven, John	McCagg, E. B.
du Bignon, J. E.	McClave, E. W.
Dexter, Wirt	Morgan J. Pierpont
D'Wolf, W. B.	Newcomb, H. Victor
Eames, E. E.	Ogden, R. L.
Edwards, Lewis	Pearsall, Thos. W.
Ellis, Rudolph	Price, Dunbar
Fairbank, N. K.	Pulitzer, Joseph
Field, Marshall	Rockefeller, William
Finney, Newton S.	Rogers, Fairman
Fish, L. A.	Sard, Grange
Furness, Walter Rogers	Stewart, John A.
Goelet, Ogden	Stickney, Joseph
Goelet, Robert	Struthers, Wm.
Gray, Geo. E.	Touzalin, A. E.
Grosvenor, J. B. M.	Vanderbilt, Wm. K.
Hayes, Edmund	Willard, E. K.
Higgins, A. Foster	Wyeth, John
Hopkins, A. Lawrence	

Members Alive and Dead—Also Resigned

Aldrich, N. W.	Brinton, J. Percy
Allerton, S. W.	Butler, Prescott Hall
Anderson, W. P.	Claflin, Arthur B.
Aspinwall, Lloyd	Clarke, E. W.
Austin, Wm.	Cochrane, A. S.
Baker, Frederic	Converse, E. C.
Ballatine, J. Herbert	Coppell, Geo.
Baring, Alex.	Cunningham, B. S.
Barnes, J. S.	Davison, Henry P.
Bleistein, G.	Deering, C. W.
Bond, F. S.	Dexter, Samuel
Borden, M. C. D.	Dexter, Josephine
Brice, C. S.	Dickerman, W. B.

Doane, J. W.
Ellsworth, D. S.
Eno, A. F.
Fabyan, Geo. F.
Ferguson, Henry
Field, Geo. S.
Field, Henry
Forrest, Chas. R.
Foulke, W. D.
Goodyear, F. H.
Gould, Edwin, Jr.
Gould, Geo. J.
Grant, Hugh J.
Gurnee, W. S.
Hill, James J.
Hoffman, C. F.
Hoffman, E. A.
Hubbard, E. K.
Inman, J. H.
Jesup, Morris K.
Jewett, A. D. L.
Jones, N. S.
Keep, F. A.
Kennedy, John S.
King, D. H., Jr.
King, Henry W.
Lawson, W. T.
Lester, J. T.
Longstreth, C.
Macy, George H.
Magee, John

McKay, Gordon
Medill, Joseph
Moore, John G.
Nelson, Murry
O'Shaughnessy, J. F.
Parmly, D. R.
Parrish, James C.
Pell, Alfred
Pierson, J. Fred.
Procter, Wm. A.
Procter, W. Cooper
Renwick, James
Ream, Norman B.
Rumsey, D. P.
Smith, J. Hopkins
Smith, R. D.
Spencer, Samuel
Stackpole, J. L.
Taylor, Wm. H.
Thorne, Edwin
Thorne, Jonathan
Thorne, Oakleigh
Thorne, William
Thomas, Samuel
Tyler, A. L.
Van Wickle, A. S.
Watmough, J. G.
Wetherill, S. P.
Whipple, W. D.
Woodruff, S. D.

Present Membership

1919

- ALBRIGHT, J. J., Buffalo, N. Y., November 25, 1890.
ALDRICH, NELSON W. (Est.), Providence, R. I., October 14, 1912.
ASTOR, VINCENT, New York, N. Y., February 28, 1916.
BAKER, FRANCES E., Mrs., New York, N. Y., November 12, 1913.
BAKER, GEORGE F., New York, N. Y., April 18, 1901.
BEALE, WILLIAM G., Chicago, Ill., March 20, 1918.
BILLINGS, C. K. G., New York, N. Y., November 21, 1904.
BLISS, CORNELIUS, N. JR., New York, N. Y., February 9, 1912.
BOURNE, FREDERICK G., New York, N. Y., April 8, 1901.
BREWSTER, GEORGE S., New York, N. Y., January 3, 1919.
BREWSTER, ROBERT S., New York, N. Y., March 2, 1912.
BROWN, M. BAYARD, New York, N. Y., September 15, 1886.
CLARK, STEPHEN CARLTON, New York, N. Y., May 4, 1916.
CRANE, CHARLES R., New York, N. Y., February 17, 1916.
CRANE, R. T., JR., Chicago, Ill., March 2, 1912.
CROSBY, FRANKLIN M., Minneapolis, Minn., March 7, 1914.
CROUCH, HERBERT E., Buffalo, N. Y., January 26, 1915.
DE FOREST, ROBERT W., New York, N. Y., January 8, 1898.
DELANO, EUGENE, New York, N. Y., January 17, 1910.
DICK, J. HENRY, New York, N. Y., January 24, 1916.
DOWS, TRACY, Rhinebeck, N. Y., November 23, 1915.
ELLSWORTH, JAMES W., New York, N. Y., April 14, 1915.
ENO, AMOS F. (Est.), New York, N. Y., June 30, 1904.
FERGUSON, HENRY (Est.), Hartford, Conn., December 20, 1906.
FERGUSON, WALTON, New York, N. Y., February 9, 1887.
FISHER, HENRY J., New York, N. Y., March 6, 1917.
FISK, PLINY, Rye, N. Y., February 19, 1915.
GOELET, ROBERT WALTON, New York, N. Y., December 11, 1901.
GOODYEAR, FRANK H., Buffalo, June 2, 1916.
GOULD, EDWIN, New York, N. Y., December 13, 1899.
GRANT, HUGH J., Mrs., New York, N. Y., April 11, 1912.
HAMMOND, JOHN HENRY, New York, N. Y., January 23, 1917.
HARDING, J. HORACE, New York, N. Y., April 25, 1916.
HARKNESS, EDWARD S., New York, N. Y., March 20, 1911.
HAYES, EDMUND, Buffalo, N. Y., November 27, 1886.
HIGGINS, EUGENE, New York, N. Y., February 3, 1891.
HILL, JAMES J., Mrs., St. Paul, Minn., December 14, 1916.
JAMES, NORMAN, Baltimore, Md., March 2, 1918.
JAMES, WALTER B., New York, N. Y., February 19, 1917.

JARVIE, JAMES N., New York, N. Y., January 31, 1910.
 JENKINS, HELEN HARTLEY, New York, N. Y., October 27, 1909.
 JOHNSTONE, KATE A., Hamilton, Mass., February 2, 1907.
 KENNEDY, John S., Mrs., New York, N. Y., January 17, 1910.
 KRECH, ALVIN W., New York, N. Y., November 6, 1916.
 LANIER, CHARLES, New York, N. Y., March 8, 1889.
 LEE, ELLIOT C., Boston, Mass., March 6, 1915.
 MACY, GEORGE H. (EST.), New York, N. Y., March 5, 1902.
 MACY, V. EVERIT, Scarborough-on-Hudson, N. Y., February 26, 1909.
 MAURICE, CHARLES S., Athens, Pa., April 26, 1886.
 McCORMICK, CYRUS H., Chicago, Ill., June 10, 1891.
 McCREA, W. S., Chicago, Ill., January 4, 1893.
 MORGAN, J. PIERPONT, New York, N. Y., June 23, 1913.
 NICKERSON, HOFFMAN, New York, N. Y., February 9, 1912.
 OGILVIE, CLINTON, Mrs., New York, N. Y., May 9, 1917.
 PALMER, EDGAR, New York, N. Y., February 16, 1914.
 PHOENIX, PHILLIPS, New York, N. Y., January 30, 1905.
 PORTER, H. K., Pittsburgh, Pa., April 22, 1891.
 PRUYN, ROBERT C., Albany, N. Y., March 24, 1897.
 PYNE, M. TAYLOR, New York, N. Y., March 6, 1915.
 ROCHE, FRANCIS GEORGE BURKE, New York, N. Y., March 12, 1915.
 ROCKEFELLER, WILLIAM, New York, N. Y., April 26, 1886.
 SCHLEY GRANT B. (EST.), New York, N. Y., September 18, 1903.
 SCRYMSER, JAMES A. (EST.), New York, N. Y., March 7, 1894.
 SHATTUCK, FREDERICK C., Boston, Mass., February 26, 1912.
 SLADE, GEORGE T., St. Paul, Minn., November 3, 1916.
 SPENCER, SAMEUL, Mrs., Washington, D. C., February 23, 1909.
 SPOOR, JOHN A., Chicago, Ill., March 4, 1916.
 STILLMAN, JAMES (EST.), New York, N. Y., January 13, 1892.
 STOTESBURY, E. T., Philadelphia, Pa., December 3, 1909.
 VAIL, HENRY H., New York, N. Y., March 20, 1897.
 VAIL, THEODORE N., Lyndonville, Vt., October 14, 1912.
 WALTERS, HENRY, Baltimore, Md., April 8, 1901.
 WOODRUFF, WELLAND, D., St. Catherines, Ont., February 15, 1904.

List of Birds Seen on Jekyl Island

American Osprey (Fish Hawk)	Hooded Merganser
American Widgeon	Humming Bird
Bald Eagle	Indigo Bunting
Baltimore Oriole	Ivory-billed Woodpecker
Barn Owl	Kildee Plover
Belted Kingfisher	Killdeer
Blackburnian Warbler	King-bird
Black-breasted Plover	Least Sandpiper
Black Duck	Leatherwinged Bat
Black and White Creeping Warbler	Loggerhead Shrike
Bluebill	Long-billed Curlew
Blue Bird	Long-billed Dowditcher
Blue Jay	Long-billed Marsh Wren
Blue-gray Gnat Catcher	Mallard Duck
Blue-winged Warbler	Marbled Godwit
Bobolink	Meadow Lark
Brown Pelican	Merganser Duck
Brown Thrasher	Mocking Bird
Brown Thrush	Mourning Dove
Canvasback Duck	Myrtle Warbler
Cardinal Grosbeak	Night Hawk
Catbird	Nonpareil
Cedar Wax-wings	Orchard Oriole
Chicken Hawk	Parula Warbler
Chimney Swift	Phoebe
Chuck Will's Widow	Pine Warbler
Clapper Rail (Marsh Hen)	Purple Crackle
Cooper Hawk	Purple Martin
Cormorant	Quail
Crow	Quawk or Black-crowned Night Heron
Egret	Red-billed Coot
Field Lark	Red-head Duck
Field Sparrow	Red-headed Woodpecker
Flicker	Redstart
Gadwall	Red-winged Black Bird
Gadwall Duck	Robin
Ganite	Ruddy Duck
Great Bittern	Sandpiper
Great Blue Heron	Scrap Duck
Great Horned Owl	Screech Owl
Greater Yellowleg	Smaller Bittern
Ground Dove	Sparrow Hawk
Hairy Woodpecker	Spotted Sandpiper
Harrier Hawk	Summer Tanager

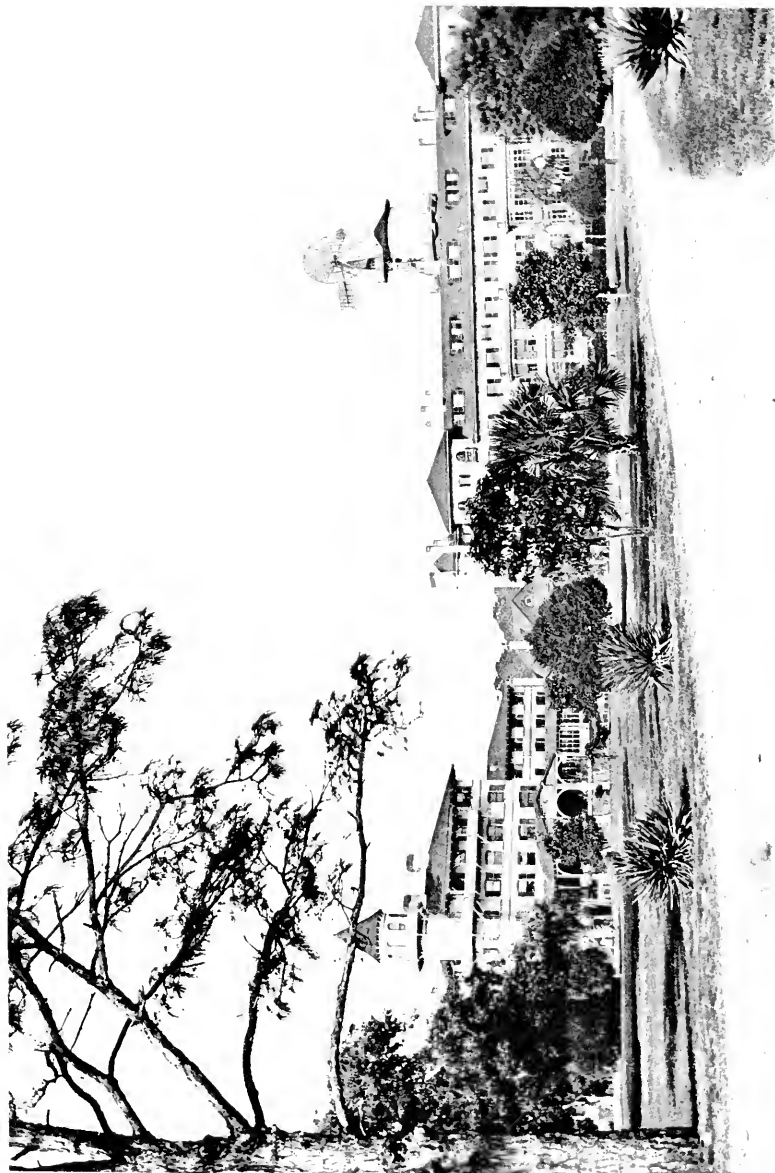
Summer Yellowleg	Wild Turkey
Titmouse	Willet
Towhee	Wilson Snipe
Tree Sparrow	Wilson Thrush
Turkey Buzzard	Woodcock
Vesper Sparrow	Wood Duck
White-breasted Nuthatch	Wren
White-billed Coot	Yellow-billed Cuckoo
White Heron	Yellow-billed Sapsucker



CLUB HOUSE LAWN



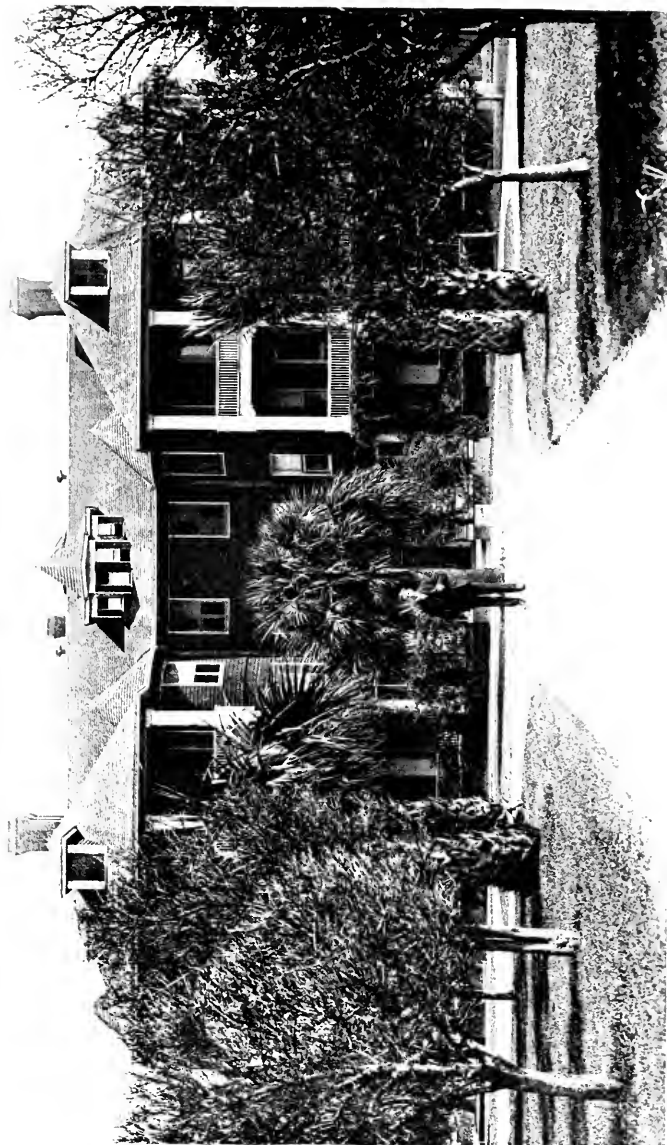
BOAT LANDING



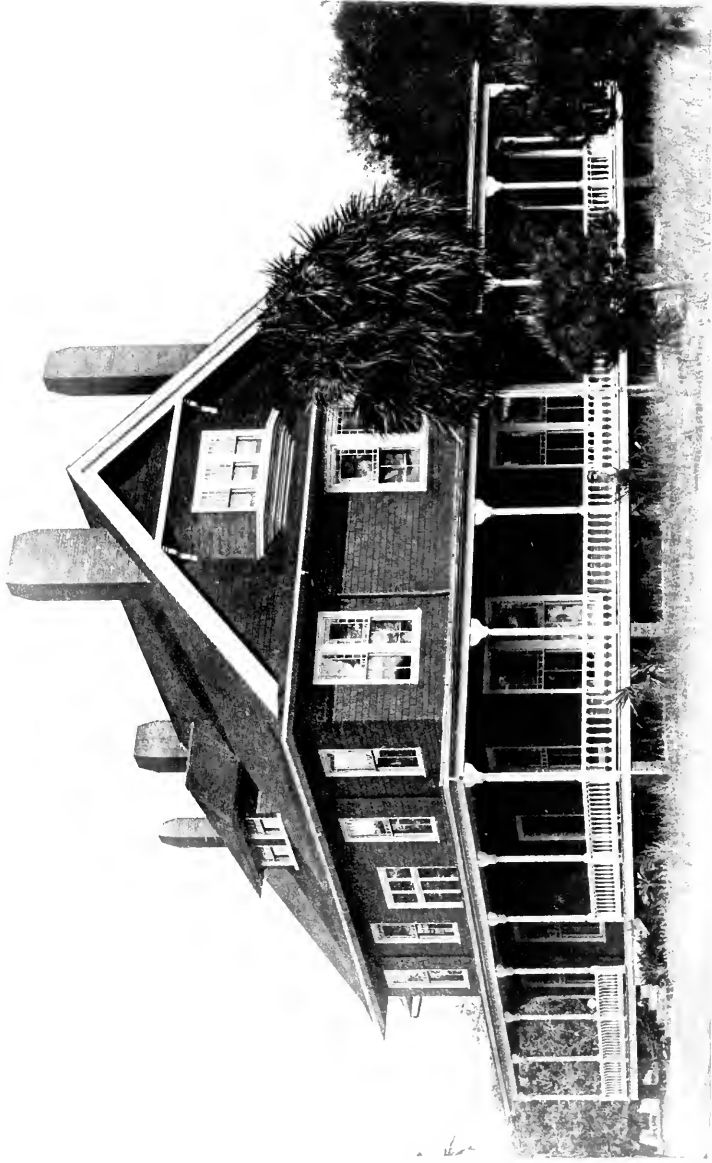
CLUB HOUSE AND APARTMENT HOUSE



FROM CLUB HOUSE LOOKING SOUTH



"SANS-SONCI" APARTMENTS



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. J. COOPER CO. N.Y.

COTTAGE OF WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER



MR. H. K. PORTERS HOUSE



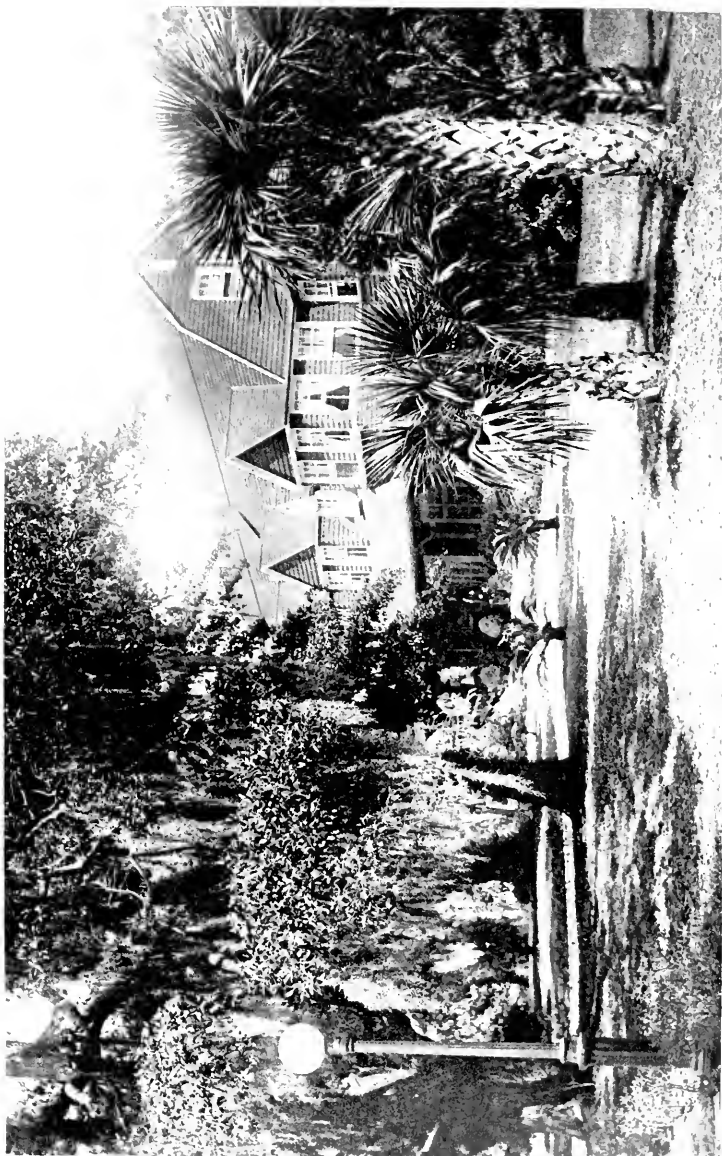
"LAWN PARTY" MISTLETOE COTTAGE



"LAWN PARTY" MISTLETOE COTTAGE



COTTAGE OF MRS. F. H. GOODYEAR



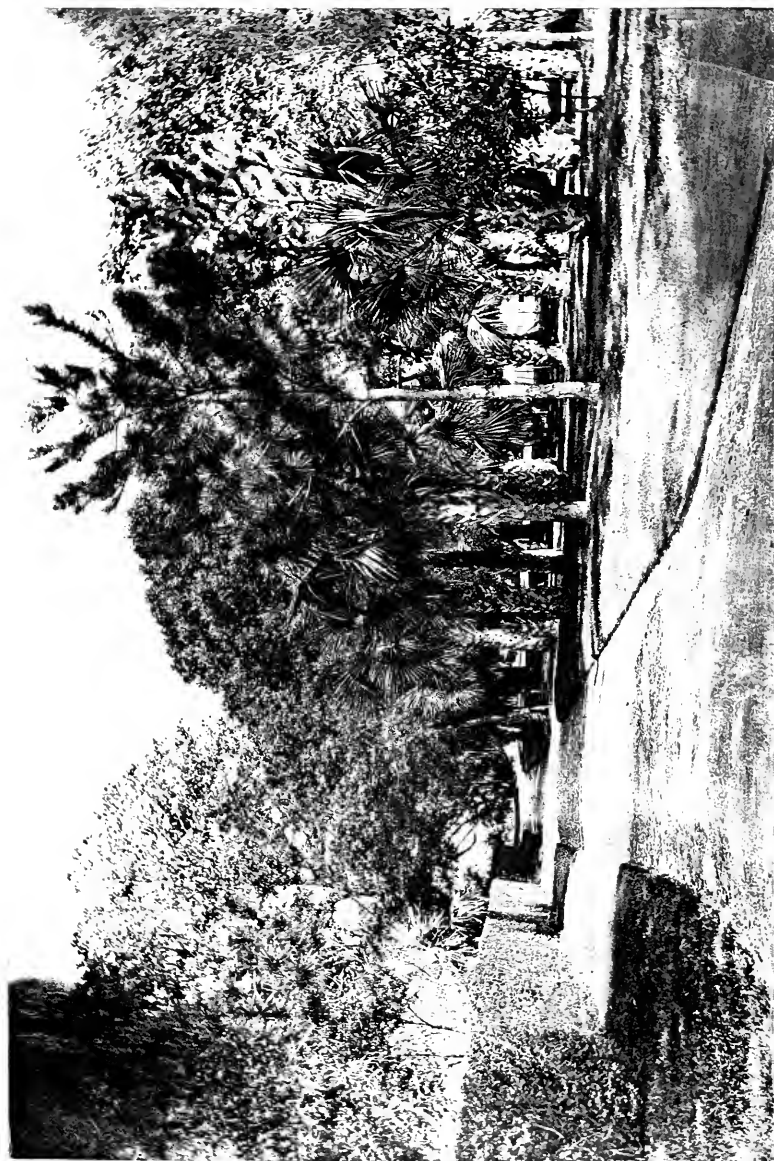
MOSS COTTAGE



PAIR OF HORSES IN FRONT OF HOUSE.



ALBRIGHT COTTAGE



PALMETTOS - OAKS AND PINES



SOUTH END OF CLUB ENCLOSURE



LIVE OAKS AND MOSS CLUB GROUNDS



ENCLOSURE OF CLUB GROUNDS



ENCLOSURE OF CLUB GROUNDS



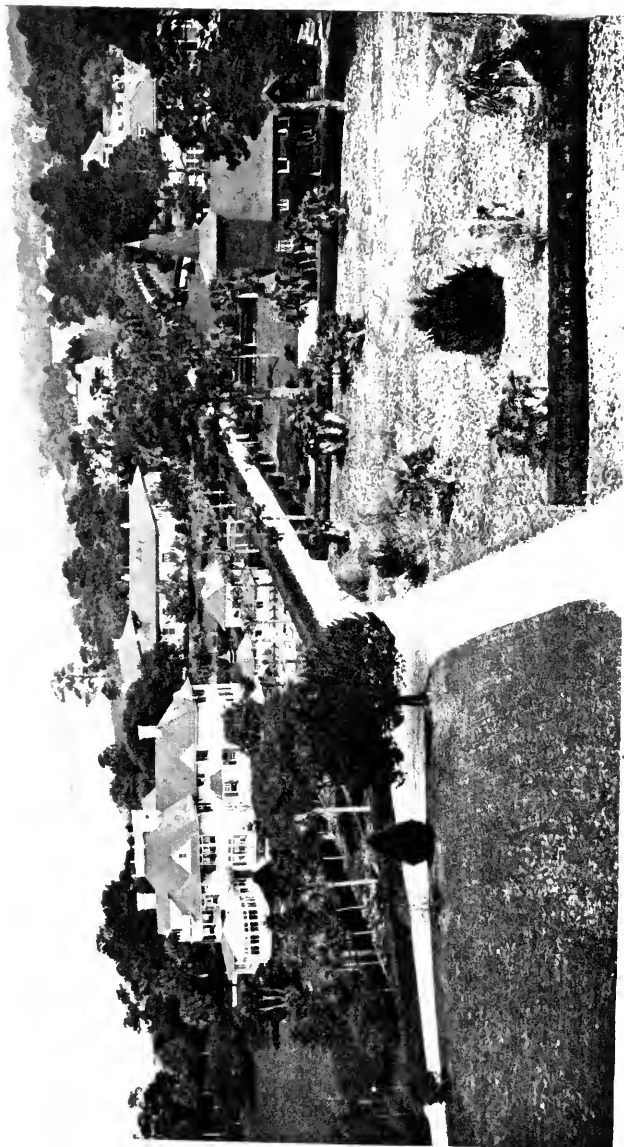
OGLETHORP NEAR LEDGE POND



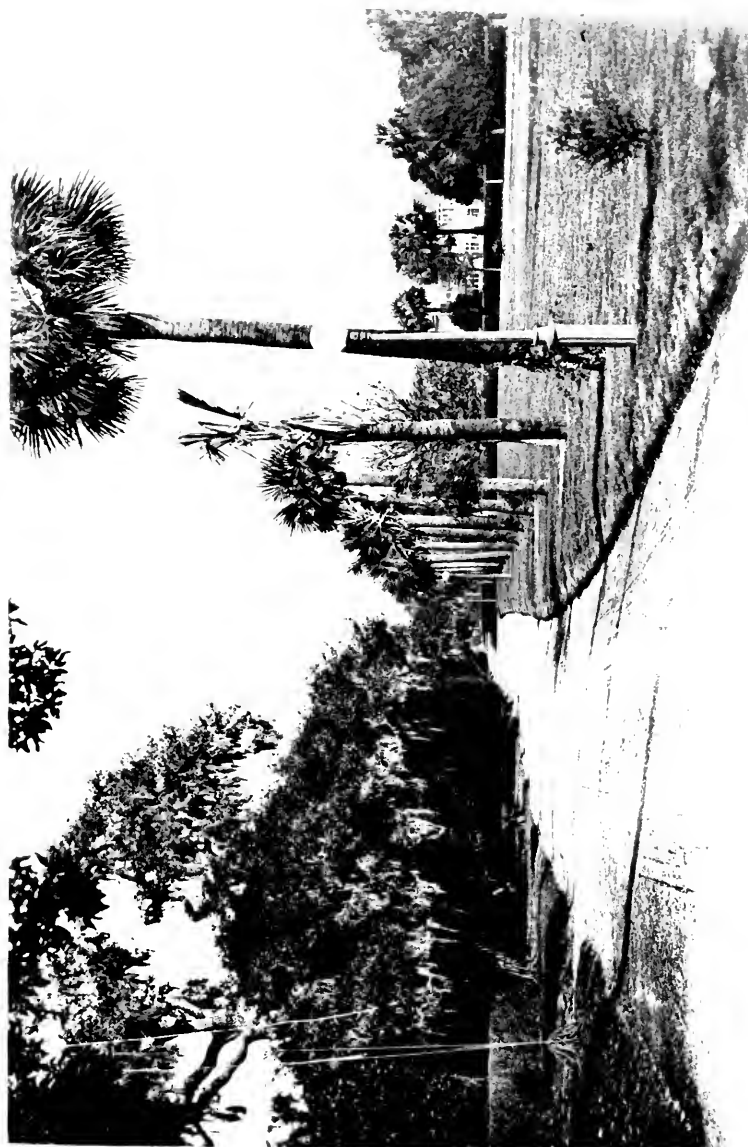
OGLETHORP ROAD NEAR HALF MOON POND



TURN IN OGLETHORP ROAD



FROM CLUB HOUSE LOOKING NORTH



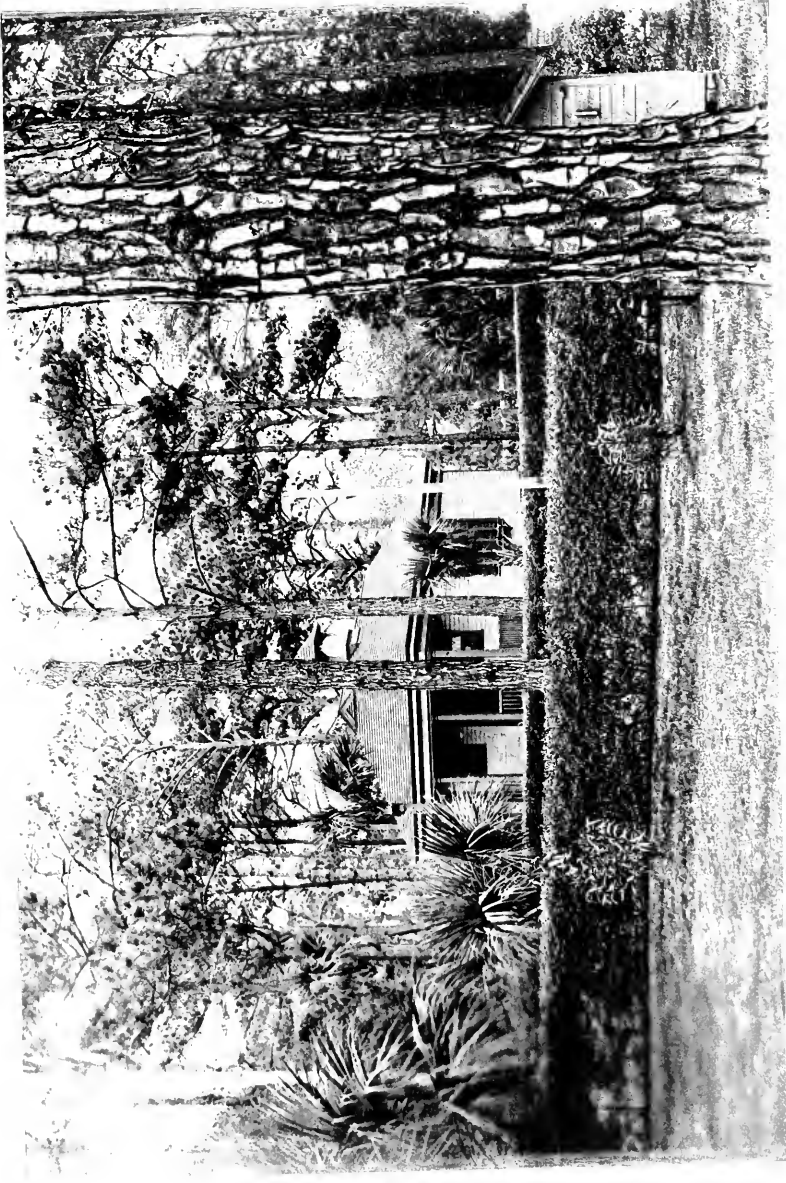
RIVER ROAD - LOOKING NORTH



OLD PLANTATION ROAD



CHAPEL



SCHOOL HOUSE



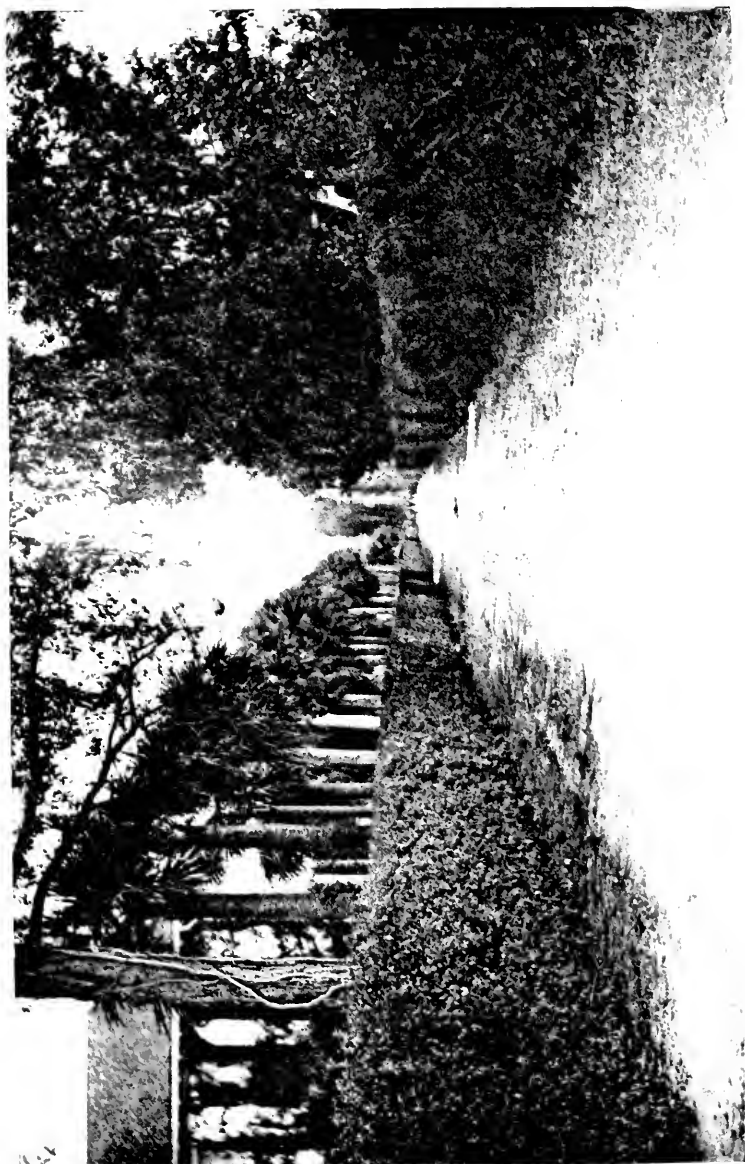
COTTAGE OF EDWIN GOULD



COTTAGE OF MRS. G. F. SHRADY



HOME OF C. S. MAURICE



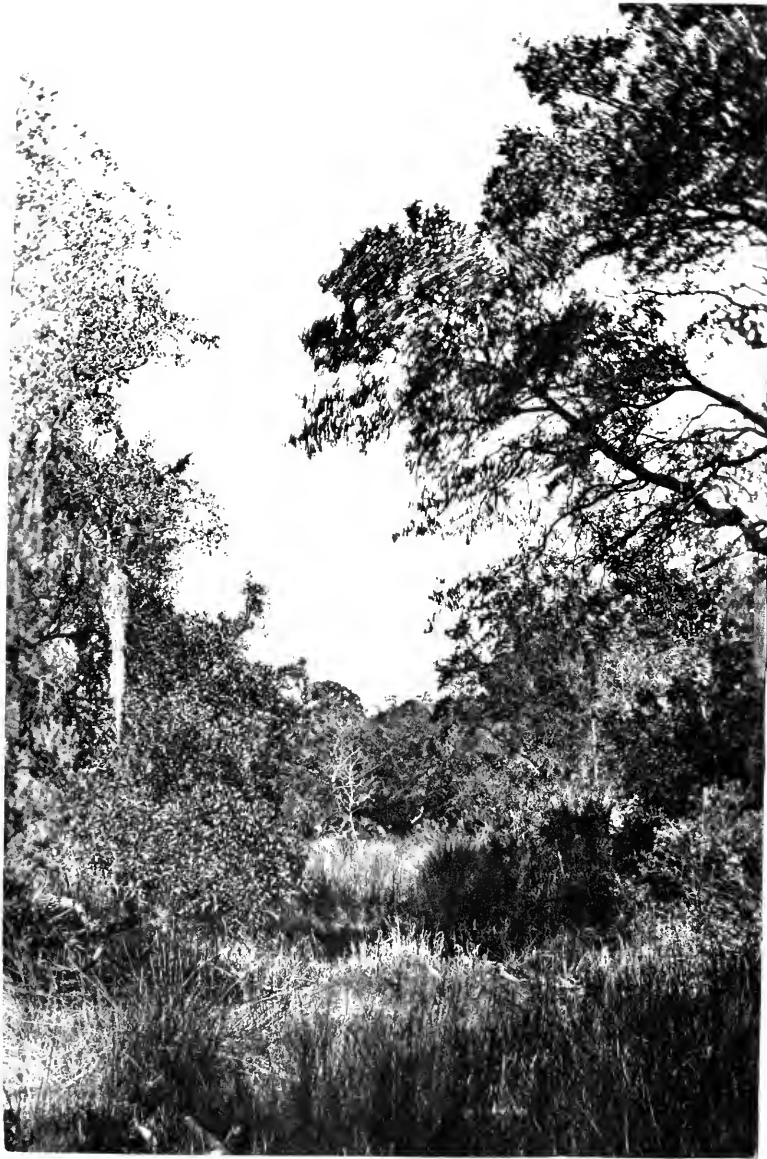
JESSAMINE ROAD



VIEW FROM OLD GOLF FIELD



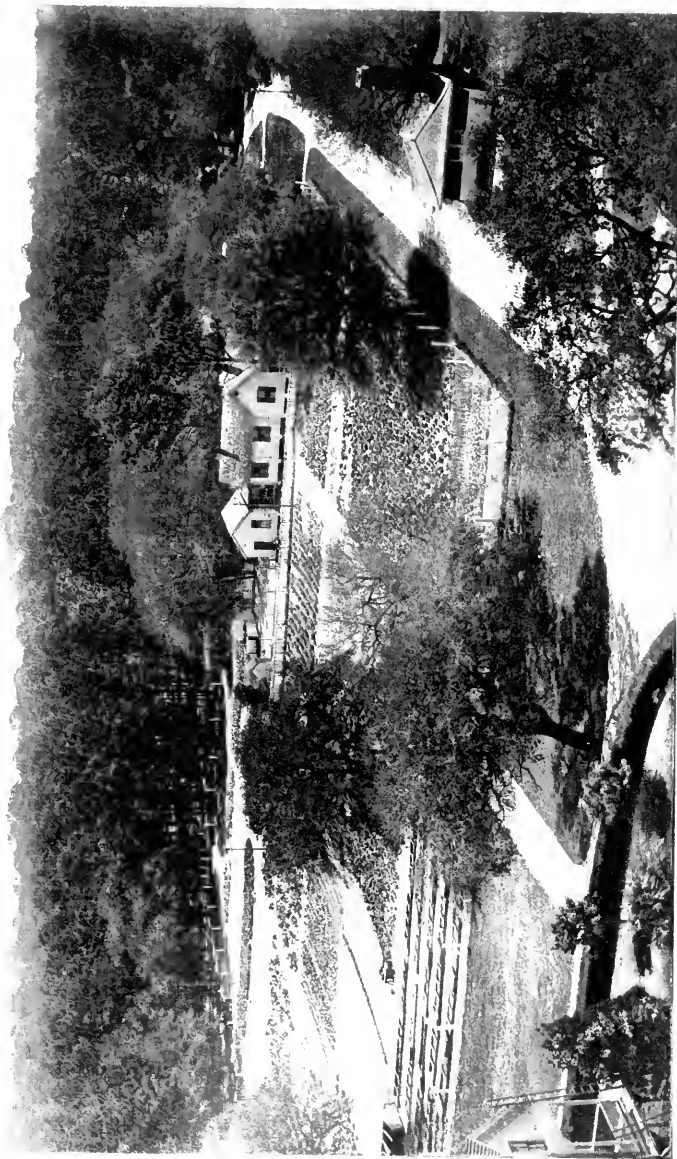
JESSAMINE ROAD AT OLD GOLF COURSE



LOOKING EAST FROM FIRST BRIDGE JESSAMINE ROAD.



OLD TABBY HOUSE



BIRDS EYE VIEW OF VEGETABLE GARDEN



NEW GOLF COURSE



THE YOUNG LADIES & GOLF COURSE

NEW GOLF COURSE



NEW GOLF COURSE



NEW GOLF COURSE

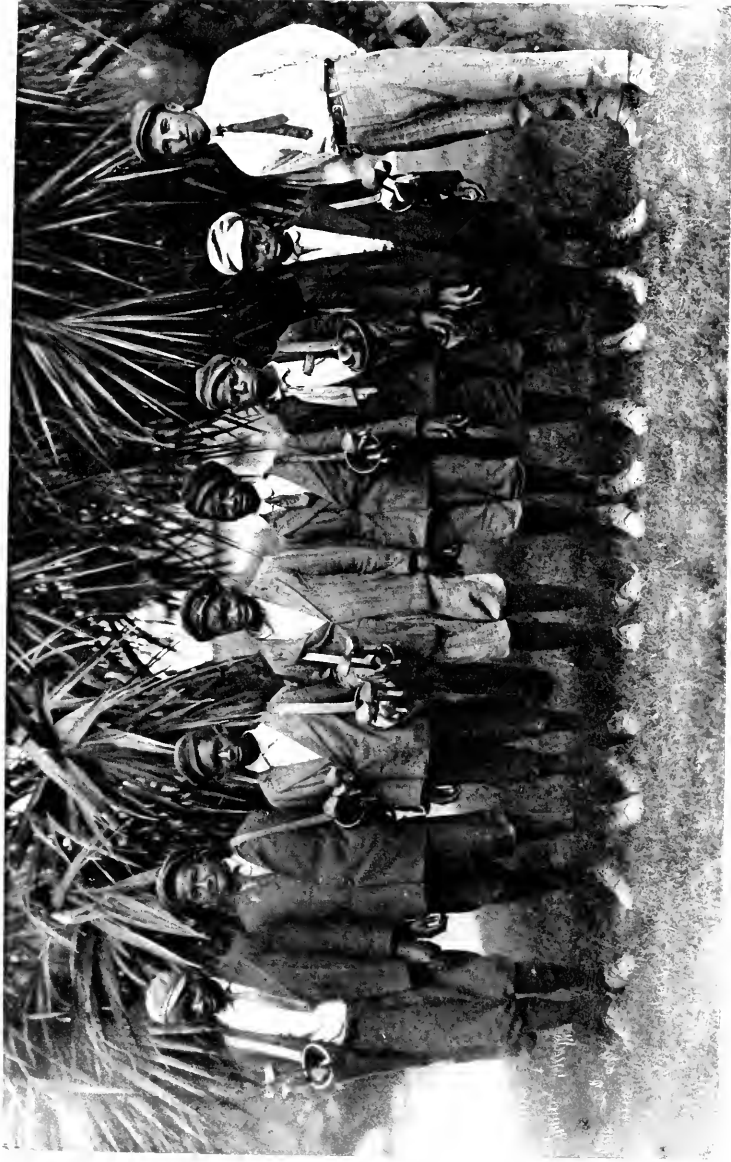


GOLF COURSE



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. D. P.

NEW GOLF COURSE



"JE KYL GOLF" KARL KEFFER, INSTRUCTOR AND CADDIES



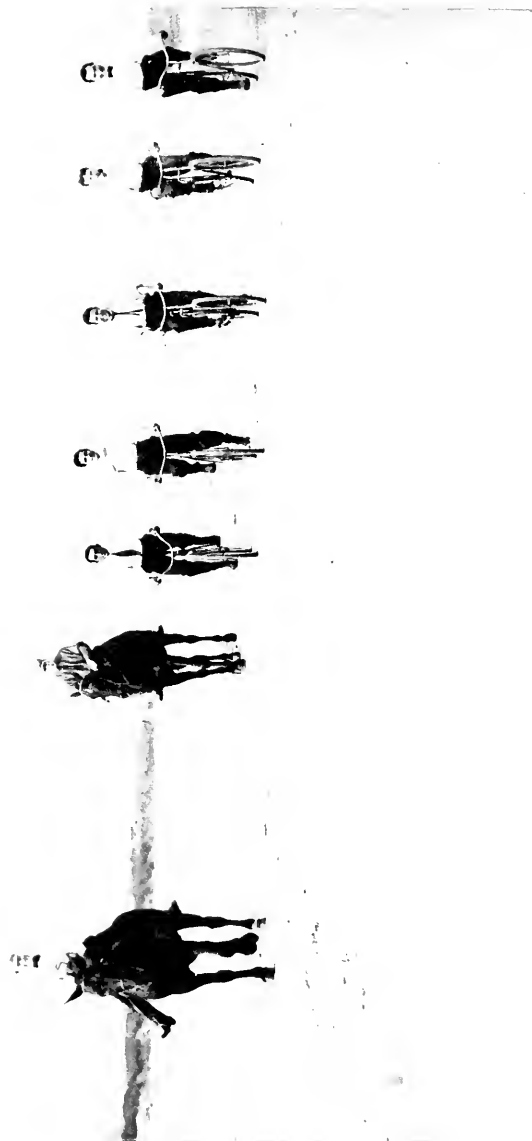
SHELL ROAD TO BEACH



SHELL ROAD AT BEACH



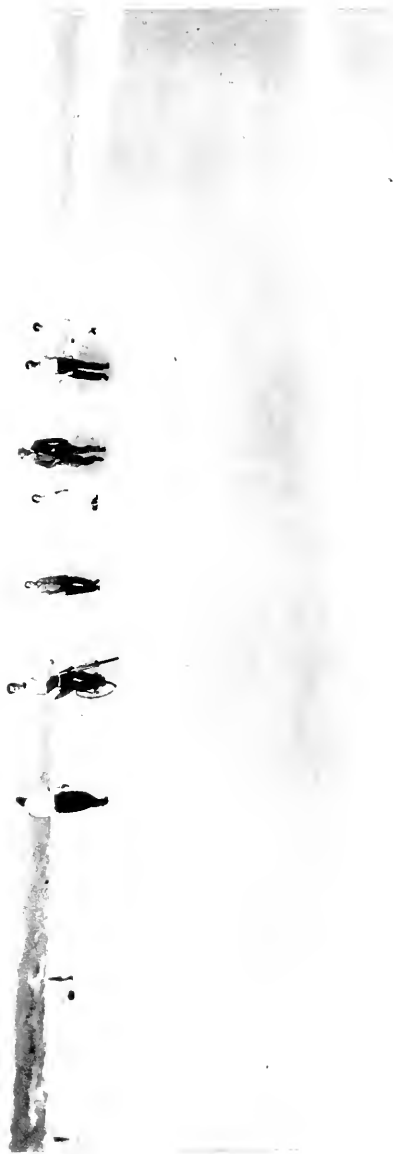
LANIER ROAD



ATLANTIC OCEAN BEACH



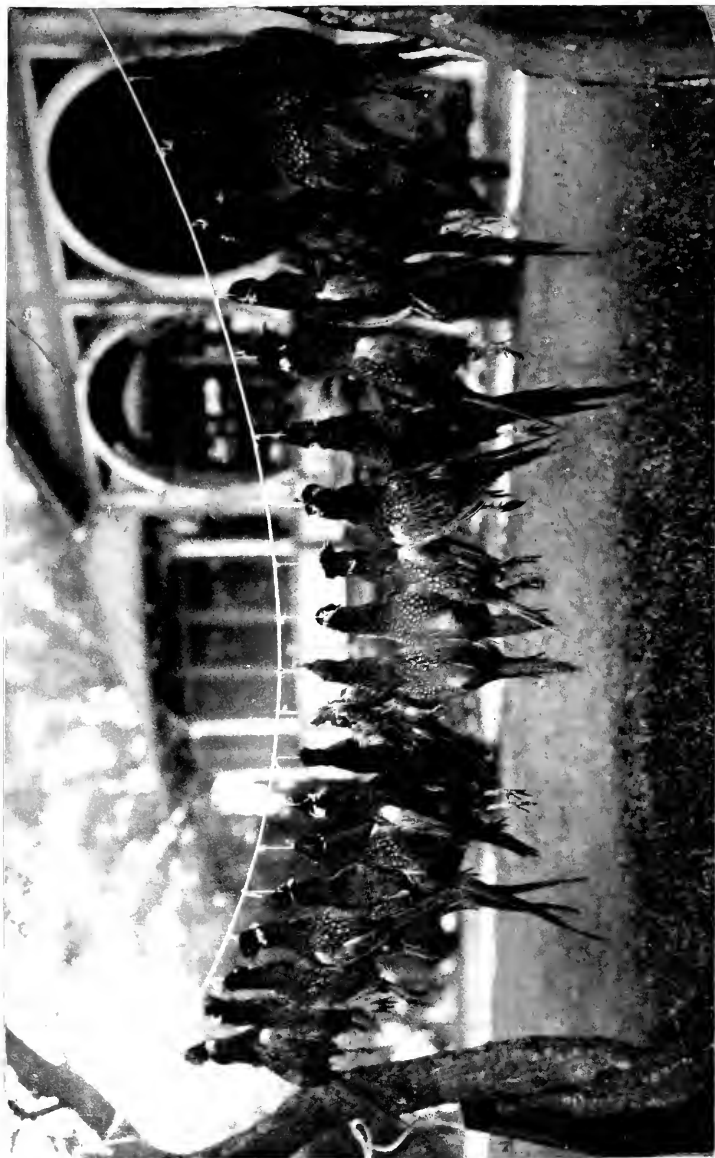
ATLANTIC OCEAN BEACH



BEACH SPORTS



GAMEKEEPER AND HIS DOGS



"PHEASANTS" KILLED ON J E K Y L



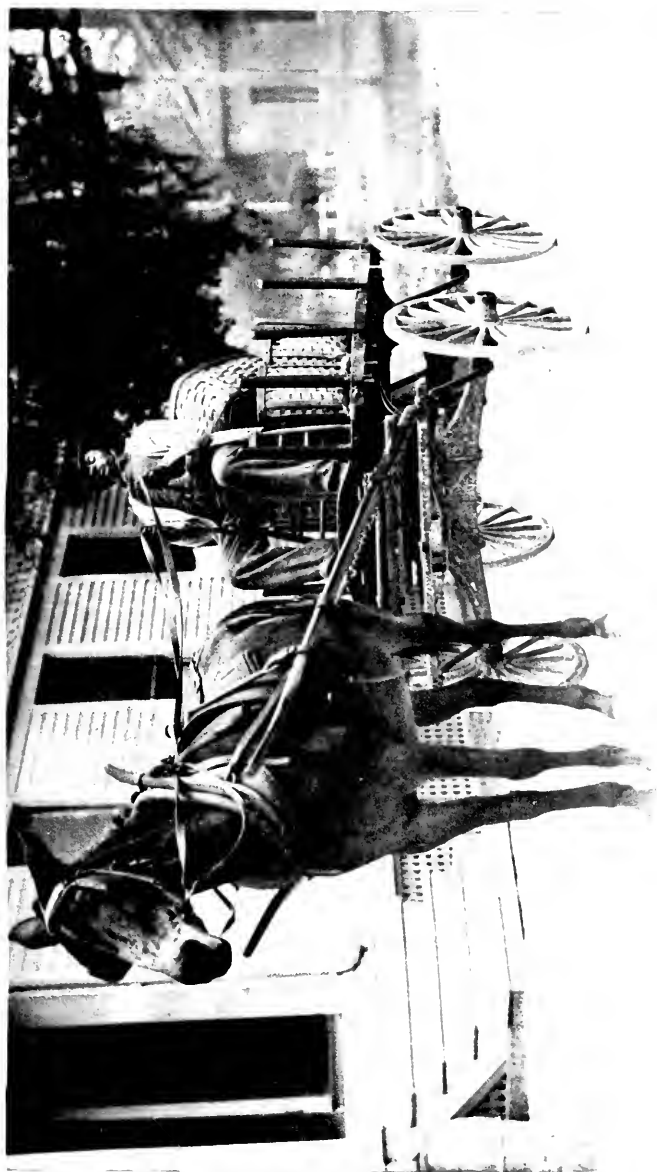
AN AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY







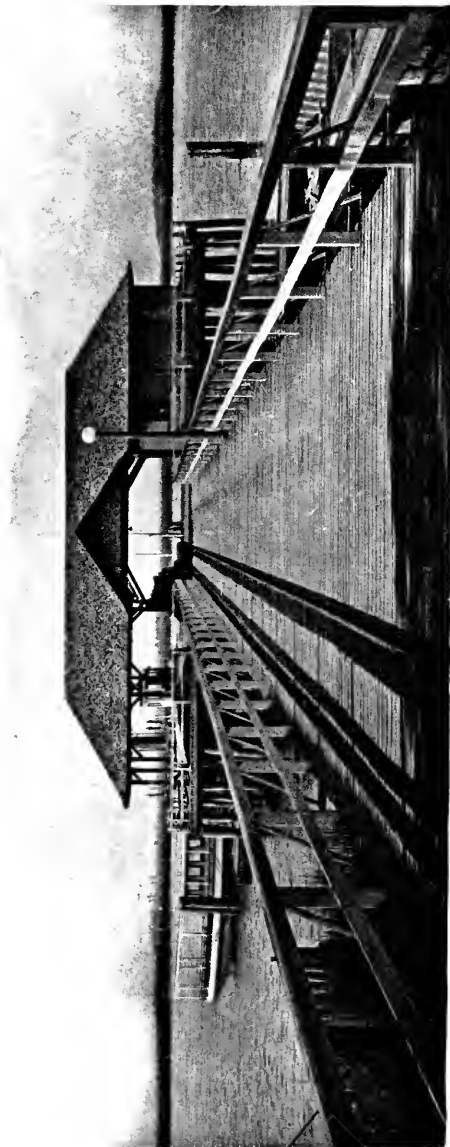
JOHN CAIN



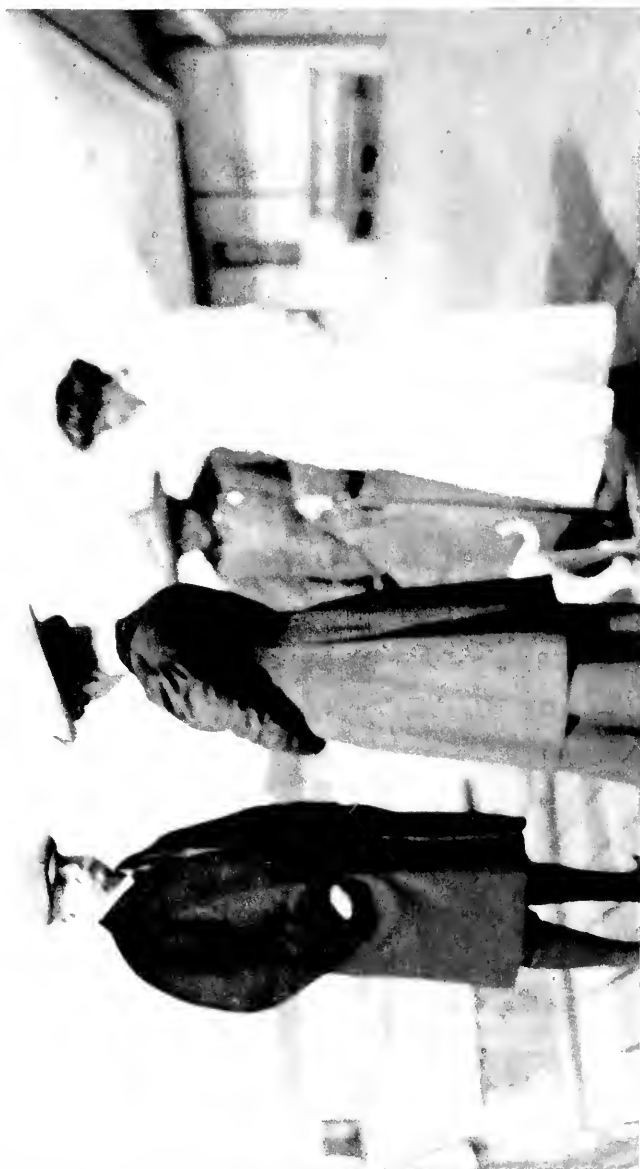
JOHN CAIN AND RHODA

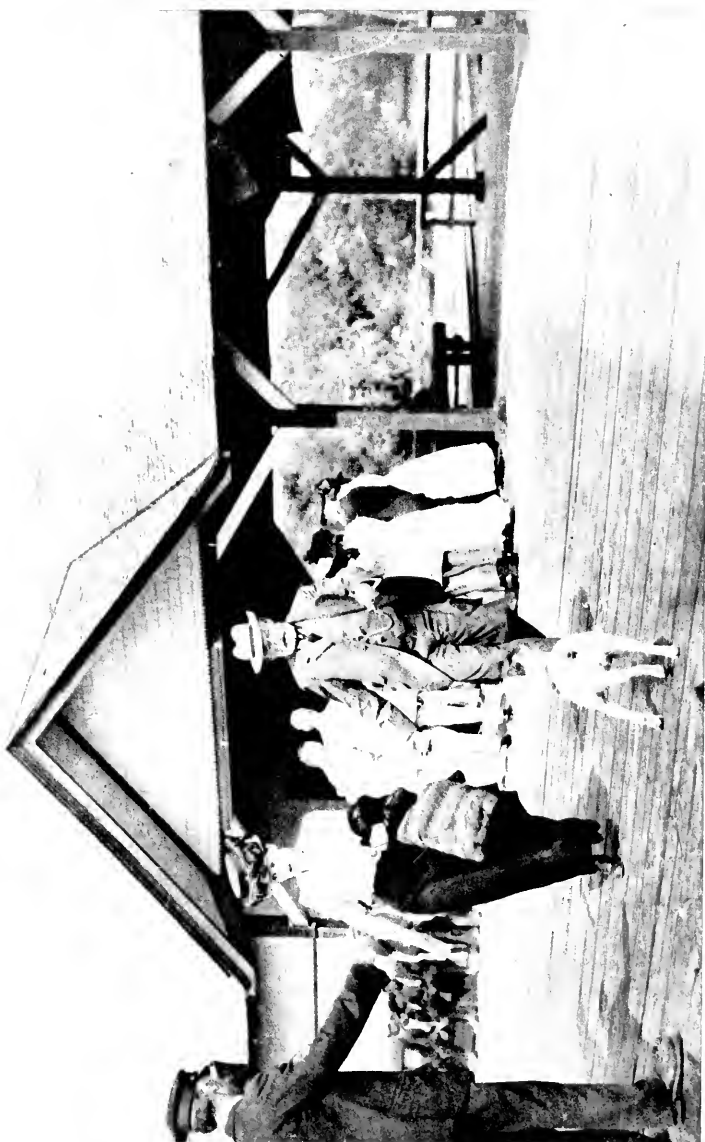


ROAD TO BOAT LANDING



W H A R F

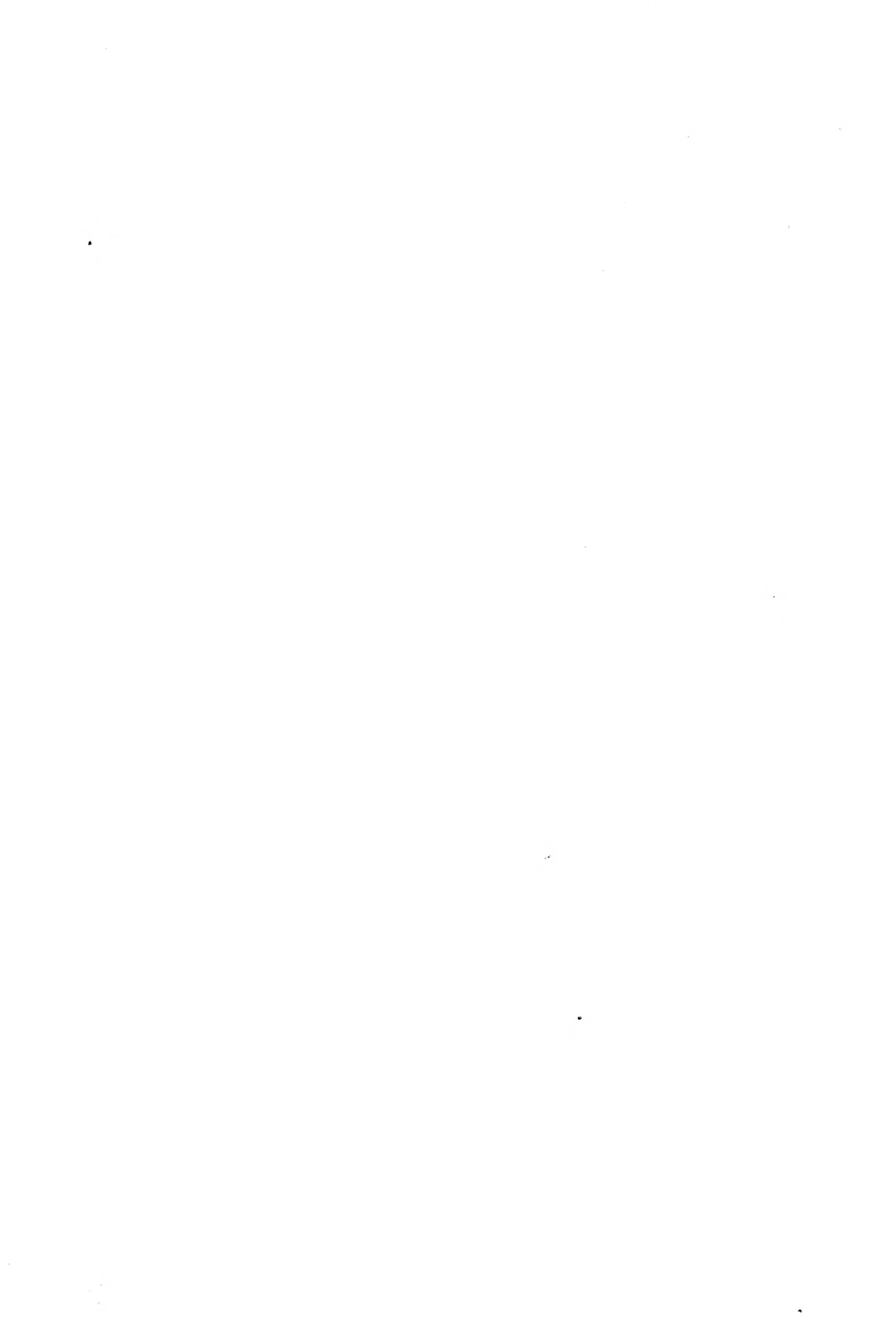






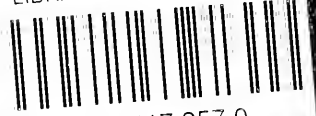


"GOOD BYE" ON JEKYL WHARF





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